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HELIOGRAPH.

BY C. B. W.

How strong they are, those subtle spells
That lurk in leaves and flower-bells,
Rising from faint perfume,
Or mingling with some odorous strain,
Strike through the music shafts of pain,
And form a mystic chain.

There came upon us mowers,
In crowded fields and open air,
And in our chambers still:
A song, an odor, or a bird,
Broke the spell, and struck the chord,
And all our pulses thrill.

I listened but an hour ago,
With lagging footsteps tired and slow,
Along the garden walk:
The summer twilight wrapped me round,
Through open windows came the sound,
Of song and pleasant talk.

The odor-staining dew lay wet
And heavy on the meadow's crest,
That crept about my feet,
From the folded money rest,
That doled the rusty rose's breast,
I fell in drooping sweet.

It fell on beds of purple bloom,
From whence arose the rare perfume
Of faintly bell-like,
Which made my heart with sudden power,
My favorite scent, my favorite flower,
I see the, smiling to.

Ah, and the years have come and gone,
With their melody or moan,
Since that music hour,
When, for the sake of hands that brought,
For the lemon sweet it taught,
I chose in for my flower.

Point-crested blossoms long ago
Your purple clusters came to show,
My life had wider scope to show,
They spoke of love that day-to-night
I stand apart from love's delight,
And wear so, belated, to.

Between to-night and that far day,
Life's bright noon and twilight grey,
I have lived and loved,
And if before my passing face,
The midnight shadows fall again,
I see the, smiling to.

Only to-night that faint perfume
Reminds me of the lovely bloom,
Of life's outliving,
I wish I had been far to-night,
What time the dew fell, never-white
Upon the belated bloom.

Joshua Haggard's
DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. SHADDOX.
Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 54, last week, and can always be continued.]

CHAPTER XL.—(Continued.)

Joshua speculated how he could make the old home a little brighter for its new mistress. That dingy carpet in the common parlour must be exchanged for a new one. He would buy a harpsichord, or one of those new pianos people talked about, and Cynthia could learn to play four tunes. He would buy a gig or a four-wheeled chaise to drive his wife in, instead of the tax-cab. When Jim got staidier and married—events which ought to happen within the next half-dozen years—Joshua told himself that he might retire from the grocery business altogether, and devote himself exclusively to the chapel. There was a cottage on the slope of the hill at the upper end of Combolow which he fancied would be a charming home for himself and young wife—a romantic cottage, with a garden in which some ambitious tenant had made a high land. It seemed to be the fanny's fancy that this cottage, with its fountain and weeping-ash, was better adapted as a background to his picture of Cynthia than the substantial commonplace old house opposite the First and Last. Yet it would go against him to leave the old house. His father and mother had lived and died there. It was his first idea of home. No; if Cynthia were satisfied, he would stay there. And that cottage with the fountain was probably damp. Potters' workmen and rheumatism often go together.

And Judith? How would that tight-waisted, tight-lipped dame get on with a lovely young wife? Judith must be taught to bridle that sharp tongue of hers, to put the curb on her quick temper. There must be no biting blows to wither his tender flower.

the fair-haired wonder; the thymy lilies and gorse-bushes and wild lemons under the blue warm sky.

"I think she is even prettier," said Naomi.

"What a sweet little thing she must be! I should so like to see her."

"If Sally were to get married now, we might have her."

"You shall see Cynthia some day, and I hope you will learn to love her, but it will not be as a servant. Nature has made her fit for something better than servitude. I do not mean to say that a price is not worthily, that all men and women are not equal."

"You might get her a better place, father—say lady's maid, for instance."

"To be so fine lady's drudge! That would be worse rather than better. Don't concern yourself about her, my dear, till you come to know more of her. I have made up my mind as to her future life."

"How good you are, father, to take so much trouble for a poor nameless orphan."

"There is more selfishness than goodness in the matter."

This was all that he said to his daughter about Cynthia; but he was pleased to think that Naomi had shown a friendly interest in the subject, and he fancied that Cynthia's beauty and Cynthia's sweetness would at once appeal to the girl's heart; that it would be natural for her to love one another, and that they would cleave to each other like sisters. It never occurred to him that Cynthia, as the recipient of his charity, was quite a different person in the eyes of Naomi from the same Cynthia as his second wife; and that in proportion to his daughter's love for him would be her distaste for the girl who divided his affection with a new-comer and interloper. In the fulness of his content, which inclined him to see all things on the sunny side, he could foresee no domestic difficulty, unless it were a little extra selfishness on the part of Judith, an exhibition of temper which he meant to put down with a high hand.

He was very happy. It seemed as if his capacity for full and perfect happiness had never been called into play till now. His life had been so dreary, so lonely, so full of sorrow, that the rainbow hues of joy had not entered largely into the fabric of his existence. A gleam of vivid color here and there had flashed across the dull grey web, but now war and wool were all brightness and color. He saw all things under an altered aspect, apparelled in the beauty of a dream. Nature, which he had viewed hitherto with a mild regard, moved him now to loving worship. He thanked God for having sent him in so far a world, for having given him such a goodly heritage. In his daily walks he was continually repeating to himself those psalms which tell of triumph and rapture for the Lord's chosen people. There was more eloquence in his sermons, more fervor in his prayers. His congregation even felt stirred by that strong flood tide of joy which filled his own breast.

In this state of mind he was naturally disposed to look with an indulgent eye upon Oswald Pentreath's wooing. He remembered with a guilty sheepishness what the squire had said to him—that if he, Joshua, were going to be married he would not be for such long delay; and moved by this recollection he told Oswald one evening in the wilderness that, if he liked, the wedding might take place early in the year—say in March, when the spring flowers were coming in, and the days getting bright.

"Now that your father has given his consent there is less reason for me to hold you to the letter of your promise," said Joshua. "If you are quite sure of your affection for Naomi—quite sure she is the one woman you would choose for yourself out of all the world—it makes little difference whether you marry her in March or July."

"There is no fear of any change in my feelings," answered Oswald. "I love her better every day, and honor her more as I get to know her better. She is the noblest and best of women. I feel myself small and weak in comparison with her."

Oswald lost no time in telling Naomi that the length of his apprenticeship, as it pleased him to call it, had been lessened.



THE LIGHTNING FLASHED ACROSS NAOMI'S FACE AS SHE LOOKED OUT AT THE LARGE BAY WINDOW.

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"We are to be married early in March, Naomi, when the woods are yellow with daffodils; and you are coming to brighten this dismal old house of ours. I shall be a respectable married man by mid-summer. I must get my father to buy me a gig, and put Horne into harness, so that I may drive you about. We shall be a regular Darby and Joan."

Naomi blushed at an imaginary picture of herself sitting beside Oswald in a high-wheeled gig, with that unreliable horse swaying the vehicle against banks and hedges, and making wild bolts round awkward corners. The idea of driving with her husband in a gig like old married people seemed to bring their marriage closer home to her than any rush of poetry on the lover's part could have done.

"And we must think of smartening the old rooms a little bit before you come to us," continued Oswald cheerily. "I dare say a coat of whitewash for the ceilings will be about as much as the Squire will care to afford; but I must see what I can do for our old house."

"I dare say you can do with a few yards of chintz and muslin. She's a capital manager, poor old thing, and has made her elbow-bones twice their natural size with rubbing the panelling and furniture. There's no such fellow in Devonshire, I should think, as poor Phoebe's show-glass. I see her at a party, you know—can do with a few yards of chintz and muslin. She's a capital manager, poor old thing, and has made her elbow-bones twice their natural size with rubbing the panelling and furniture. There's no such fellow in Devonshire, I should think, as poor Phoebe's show-glass. I see her at a party, you know—can do with a few yards of chintz and muslin. She's a capital manager, poor old thing, and has made her elbow-bones twice their natural size with rubbing the panelling and furniture. There's no such fellow in Devonshire, I should think, as poor Phoebe's show-glass. I see her at a party, you know—can do with a few yards of chintz and muslin. 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100

"I'm a married burglar," she said. "I'll answer with my life, really. I'm as young today as I'd once wish to stand good, too."

"Larry's a snake. I'll get on for his sending there in his shame," Mrs. Mike blazed in her recitativo. "Things may come of it, other than the hateful subject for—"

"Hush," she cautioned aloud, "do you say the husband is in prison?"

"Yes, Mrs. Gray said something about it," he answered. "At first I understood it was worse to me, but she was very ill at the time, and I did not question further."

"So hitherto has been represented that way traveling abroad," pursued Mike, with a tone and a look that were not to be mistaken.

I am sure she said she had
in London two or three weeks

[illegible]

...all, it is well it's over," ran

...putting itself in view when planning to die as near Adam as possible," she agrees, the ground so far, she says. But good news is it decreases the risk. Here's a link in at any one of the day's *Newsweek* and *ABC* so it is.

Well, I think he will take keep in meditation for his own and for myself, it brings more attention. I've added that my child is the heir now instead of the whole property must come to him. Your Lucy is full of it, she says with a smile.

Doesn't quite comprehend, who this baby is, and what he from us? Foxwood smiled. I wish I could never see it! meaningful heaven had interposed it!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MATCH BURNED OFF

...has been broken off on 'A's side between the male and

and been thought would have

It appears, however, that an irreconcilable quarrel on a subject. He was a very powerful man, and his preaching and promulgation was very moving, and so on, and when they found their married life in the West of Scotland, he got into the habit and drew in "brags, won't it?" He said he would, she continued, "you'll take a walk with me to the Scotch church?" "I will," he said, she said, "we'll always go to prison and we don't go to prison and we don't go to prison." "No, I mean you and mine," she answered. "But," he remonstrated, "time is passing so fast, I am getting to be getting to church late people like I was foolish to wish me to be late, do you wish me to be late?" "Oh, goodness," she answered, "you go to church late."

and you have me, the you
is a heathen and don't want to
ask yourself if I'm a heathen

...and we love each other like
in the Bible and the match is
longer. Yehuda...

Yehuda: "Don't be a grumbler.
I am a slave to get hold of the
house of God, to be on guard
for the corner, and find out the
best things. Half the strength
travelling. Would often not things
on in the night, make up your
mind with that nobody ever
would quite as he would like
to be to take your share of the
load and bear it bravely. You will
be in the house and find upon
being in the house to be a
a sharp person, but don't
If the work means doing and
does it, never mind about the
work, but when you do it and
then you will be all up the
smooth water the rough water
up the job that others leave
and the true peace-makers,
a whole lot of grumbling.
and that man is a coward who
cannot do action by his feet,
man is a man of real courage
to do it."

THE GATHERING TOGETHER
AND FORWARD MARCH OF
A GREAT REPUBLIC.

BY H. N. WHARTON.

PART XX.

ROBERT MORRIS.

Although in the brief space allotted to these sketches, which do not seem to be more than outlines of American history, it is impossible to enumerate a tenth part of the noble and heroic deeds and sacrifices of the men and women of the Revolution, we should deem our task lamentably incomplete should we fail to mention the names of some of the most eminent men of those days, omitted in the excitement of stirring events.

Of these, Philadelphia may be justly proud of such men as Robert Morris, Francis Hopkinson, Thomas Mifflin, first Governor of Pennsylvania, Thomas McKean, who succeeded him in office, John Dickinson, John Nixon, Charles Thomson, the "perpetual secretary" of Congress, and others, whose names and character and work have made their names known and honored.

That of Robert Morris is inseparably associated with the story of our struggle for independence as from 1773, when he was elected a delegate to the General Congress, to the end of the war, he was the great financial officer of the States, bringing his immense personal influence, uncommon business talents, and unflagging energy to the difficult task of providing for the wants of a large army solely dependent upon a young and struggling country.

Of the manner in which Mr. Morris acquitted himself of this work too much can be said, and the more deeply and critically we study the position of the national finances during that period, the more we are lost in admiration of the distinguished ability of this man.

Robert Morris was born in Lancaster, England, January, 1733; thirteen years later his family emigrated to America, and Robert was placed in a school in Philadelphia. Here he remained for two years, after which he entered the counting-house of Mr. Charles Willing, where, in the course of time, his talents and integrity so impressed themselves upon his employer that on his death-bed he is said to have exclaimed: "Robert, always continue to do as you have done."

The firm of Willing & Morris organized in 1754, was destined to become the most extensive importing house in Philadelphia, then the most advanced of New World cities. The Philadelphia of to-day gives us but a faint idea of what this city was under the English government, when the opulent and aristocratic gentlemen lived in state and luxury near the banks of the Delaware river, essentially English in manners, habits and thought.

It is interesting in glancing over some letters written in 1777, to learn how Mrs. Philadelphia Taylor, the daughter of the Governor, of this city, evidently feeling she was shut off from all the joys of life during her residence here. After thanking Mr. John White for a gown which he has been commissioned to purchase for her in England, and which, as we are pleased to know, she found "exceeding rich and genteel," she enters into a long and bitter wall against the dullness of her life in Philadelphia and the lack of all congenial amusement, sighing the while for an Italian Arcadia, which she thus quaintly describes:

"The height of my ambition is to have all live together in some pretty country place in a clean and genteel manner."

Although we are inclined to feel that Mrs. Taylor was not blessed with an especially contented disposition, the tenor of her letters and many other writings about this time give us an idea of the thoroughly English tone of society in the colony; England being the center from whence all blessings emanated, from the most trifling to the most exalted, and of quality to the elegantly curled peruke, without which the toilet of her lord and master was incomplete. Amid the incursions of such comfort it was no trifling step for the important firm of Willing & Morris, some years later, to stand up boldly in opposition to the Stamp Act and the Tea Act, regardless of all private interests, and to desire to maintain principles of equity and justice.

In the spring of 1776, Mr. Morris was constituted speaker of the assembly to negotiate bills of exchange for the government; following July he was again elected to Congress, and being in favor of the Declaration of Independence, he signed that memorable document on the 2d of August.

It may be interesting to know that Mr. Morris and Mr. Dickinson were absent from Philadelphia when the Declaration was voted for by the State of Pennsylvania, but one of those influential citizens being for and the other against the Declaration, the result was a compromise, and the Declaration was adopted.

Mr. Morris' portrait gives us the idea of a man of great force, of character and decision, and with these qualities he combined traits that made him beloved in social and domestic life. Living in a style commensurate with his wealth, the house of this princely merchant was resorted to by all persons of consequence who visited Philadelphia. Alexander Hamilton and Governor Morris were his most intimate friends, and Washington's first visit, when he came to this city, was always to Robert Morris.

Like most superior men, he had the power of appreciating greatness of ability in others, accordingly Robert Morris wrote of Washington, during the period of depression in 1777, following the retreat of the army, that he looked through the Jerseys, when others among them the Adamses—were pleased to cavil at his generalship: "He is the greatest man on earth."

There were many found to extend the commensurate skill of the commander-in-chief in 1781, when victory crowned the American arms, ignoring the fact that this seemingly unassuming man was but the natural result of the gradual elaboration of Washington's broad and far-reaching policy and of Greene's masterly generalship in the Southern campaign, at the time, satisfying the popular clamor for brilliant victories. Robert Morris' confidence in Washington's ability and ultimate success seems never to have flagged, and most thoroughly was it tested.

In the winter of 1776, before the battle of Red Bank, when Washington wrote to Robert Morris requesting him with

the distressing condition of his army, and entreating him to use his influence to procure a loan, Congress had fled from Philadelphia, dreading the approach of the British through Jersey, and public confidence was entirely shaken. Yet Morris, undaunted by the ominous appearance of affairs, succeeded in raising \$10,000 on his personal credit. Again he procured \$50,000, which he sent to Washington, which never was used, but he would do all in his power to raise needed funds at any future time. These, and many instances of a kindred nature, led to the saying that the credit of this well-known merchant was better than that of Congress.

Without attempting to enter into a detailed recital of the intricate financial transactions of the Revolution, it is not too much to say that Robert Morris furnished the life-blood to both Northern and Southern armies during that most important campaign that led to victory and a subsequent cessation of hostilities.

In 1781, Mr. Morris—who was Secretary of the Treasury and Judge Peter's assistant—was elected to the Continental Congress, and he received the important letter from Dr. Franklin that changed the whole course of events. It was a letter that was made by the failure of his co-operation in an attack upon New York, the General speedily diverted his thoughts into other channels, and he was elected to the Continental Congress, where he was required in order to make a successful assault upon Cornwallis at Yorktown, he turned to Mr. Morris and asked what he could do for him; he replied: "Let me know the sum you desire," was the reply.

The estimate was soon made, and the requisite amount—very large—was raised in a short time. The flag of North America was put into successful operation by Mr. Morris at a time when Congress could not obtain \$1,000 on its own credit. This was the last of his services to the nation, and he had the honor of being one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence who assisted in training the new Constitution.

When Washington became President of the United States, he was desirous of securing Robert Morris' services as Secretary of the Treasury. This position he declined to fill, and being asked to appoint a substitute, unhesitatingly pronounced the name of Alexander Hamilton, who served his country with ability and integrity.

After his retirement from public life, Mr. Morris, in order to retrieve his somewhat ruined fortune, was made by the Government a great authority, that he did not make money during the war—engaged in speculations in wild lands, which proved costly, and the operation of the building of an elegant mansion near the present site of the Continental Hotel, involved him in financial difficulties of so serious a nature that he was unable to earn money to liquidate his debts. As if to afford an additional proof of the injustice and base ingratitude of the world at large, this truly honorable man, who had been so long and so nobly in the service of his country, was now in debt, and he was forced to sell his property to pay his debts.

Robert Morris died in 1806, in the seventy-third year of his age, having forfeited in no degree the esteem and respect of his countrymen, who were endowed with an appreciation of true greatness and nobility of character.

The remains of this distinguished man were interred in Christ Church, where they had been buried for many years.

The following is the inscription on his tombstone, which is now in the possession of the University of Pennsylvania, and is a beautiful and historical record of old Philadelphia and the colony: England being the center from whence all blessings emanated, from the most trifling to the most exalted, and of quality to the elegantly curled peruke, without which the toilet of her lord and master was incomplete. Amid the incursions of such comfort it was no trifling step for the important firm of Willing & Morris, some years later, to stand up boldly in opposition to the Stamp Act and the Tea Act, regardless of all private interests, and to desire to maintain principles of equity and justice.

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Ernest Fleming with all the warmth and intensity of my impulses, undisciplined southern nature, and for the past month he had seemed to care for me; but now I felt that I had deceived myself. I was bitterly disappointed. The breakers were at this little seaside resort several weeks, dear old Aunt Lucy and I, and when Ernest Fleming, with his thoughtful, noble face, had come down there, the "right that never was on land or sea" seemed to illumine all the world for me. He had been a gentle and kind to me, so full of many thoughtfulness, and that protective tenderness which is so fascinating to the female heart, especially to such an untutored, childlike heart as I, Marian Wardlaw, with my eighteen years of life, I considered experience, possessed.

But last week everything had changed. Ida Grenville had come among us with her fair and like beauty, her innocent eyes and exquisite grace, and stolen my love and my peace away from me. I looked at my own sunburnt face, laughed brown curls, and saw that I was no longer the same. The whole picture with Ida's neat and always lady-like appearance and regular beauty, she had come into my life, and I was no longer the same.

The knowledge made me abrupt and bitter, and often positively rude to him; while, with the intuitive pride of a woman, I was conscious of the fact that I was no longer the same. I encouraged really the advances of Paul Maltravers, who seemed to find a pleasure I could not understand in my stupid society.

The night before seemed to me to have been a sort of crisis in my history. It was a heavenly moonlight evening, and I was on a sailing party far out on that glorious bay, and I was alone, leaning my head upon my clasped hands, and thinking sadly of the last two weeks before I had been here. I had never before, in my life, seen the moon so bright, and I was so alone, and I was so happy.

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As I was looking at them, Ernest suddenly raised his head, and I saw that he was looking at me. He was looking at me, and I was looking at him. He was looking at me, and I was looking at him. He was looking at me, and I was looking at him.

"Yes, it is a charming evening," I said. "Yes, it is a charming evening," I said. "Yes, it is a charming evening," I said.

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Ernest Fleming with all the warmth and intensity of my impulses, undisciplined southern nature, and for the past month he had seemed to care for me; but now I felt that I had deceived myself. I was bitterly disappointed. The breakers were at this little seaside resort several weeks, dear old Aunt Lucy and I, and when Ernest Fleming, with his thoughtful, noble face, had come down there, the "right that never was on land or sea" seemed to illumine all the world for me. He had been a gentle and kind to me, so full of many thoughtfulness, and that protective tenderness which is so fascinating to the female heart, especially to such an untutored, childlike heart as I, Marian Wardlaw, with my eighteen years of life, I considered experience, possessed.

But last week everything had changed. Ida Grenville had come among us with her fair and like beauty, her innocent eyes and exquisite grace, and stolen my love and my peace away from me. I looked at my own sunburnt face, laughed brown curls, and saw that I was no longer the same. The whole picture with Ida's neat and always lady-like appearance and regular beauty, she had come into my life, and I was no longer the same.

The knowledge made me abrupt and bitter, and often positively rude to him; while, with the intuitive pride of a woman, I was conscious of the fact that I was no longer the same. I encouraged really the advances of Paul Maltravers, who seemed to find a pleasure I could not understand in my stupid society.

The night before seemed to me to have been a sort of crisis in my history. It was a heavenly moonlight evening, and I was on a sailing party far out on that glorious bay, and I was alone, leaning my head upon my clasped hands, and thinking sadly of the last two weeks before I had been here. I had never before, in my life, seen the moon so bright, and I was so alone, and I was so happy.

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POSTSCRIPTS.

—Long strings for short women in street cars are called for.

—One dollar a year is the salary of the mayor of Old City, Penna.

—St. Louis grocer thus illustrates his orthography: "Best and Cheapest Butty."

—A "Wall" consisting of a table three feet by two, costs \$200 per annum outside of rent, in the city of New York.

—You can blow your nose on a handkerchief if you prefer it to one on which is printed the Declaration of Independence in those different languages.

—The Signal Service last year cost \$200,000. For this sum "Old Probabilities" should give us a list of the "Signal Service" showing when, where, and how, rain, snow, hail, or fog will come.

—It is said the "extraneous display" of flowers at funerals has led to the use of artificial flowers, which are sold by the dozen for one cent.

—The city of New York contains four hundred and twenty-five churches. The cost of the building of the new St. Paul's Church is \$1,000,000. The total cost is \$1,000,000.

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ORIGINAL TABLES.

BY MRS. PRIGER.

A CROW'S WIFE FOR A CROW'S FLIGHT.

"By-bye, mother; I am off," said the young tottole to the greatly astonished old one, who was sunning herself under a lavender ledge in the kitchen garden.

"Off!—where? What do you mean?" she asked.

"To yonder upland pasture that shines in gold and green. Don't you see them? I am told there is the most delicious food there in wonderful abundance and variety; roots of all kinds and daisies innumerable! and, to be candid, it's very well for old folks like you, mother, but I am tired and bored to death with this dismal old garden, with its long gravel walks and box borders. I want to better myself."

"Go to those pastures, child!" cried the old tottole, amazed beyond measure. "Why, your life would not last out such a journey. Besides, remember the difficulties, as well as the length of the way, there are walls and hedges to get over, steep hills to climb, and deep valleys to cross between this place and that."

"Oh, yes!" answered the young one, sippily. "I have taken all that into consideration. It is a good distance to travel, and no doubt I shall meet with difficulties and disagreeable, but never fear for me; the old crow who was telling me about it says she makes nothing of going there three or four times in the day."

"The old crow!" cried his mother, with a sniggering laugh. "Good now, child; just look at your feet and your figure, and the shell you have to carry. When you have a crow's wife and wings, you may measure distance and difficulties by the rule. As the crow flies," but till then remember you are but a tottole!"

"Dick," said a field mouse to a sparrow, "just look at those bushes; on a day or two back, and they were covered with you and your friends; from morning till night I could hear you all chirping and chattering while I sat in my hole in the opposite bank. To-day it is quite bare and quite forsaken. Why is it?"

"Why?" repeated Dick; "can't you understand why? The thing speaks for itself. All the hips and haws are gone; you see that it is bare." Can you ask, then, why it is forsaken?"

AN Ounce OF SELF WORTH A POUND OF FITT.

There was a great rush to the trap, in which sat a discomfited mouse looking in blank dismay at the company of counts clamoring outside.

"How could you be so foolish?" squeaked one.

"It goes to my very heart to see you, dear," squeaked another; while cries of "under you were not more careful!" "What a thousand times you should have fallen a sacrifice to your taste for cheese!" "How glad I should be to see you out of your trouble!" etc., etc., rose in a chorus from the rest.

"There, if you can't do better than sit there squeaking, be so good as to go," cried the prisoner, indignantly; "I would not set to work to give you a wire, so as to set me free, I would call you friends, and believe in your sympathy; but your noise and doing nothing is worse than that. You are a down, which is aggravating, comes too late, and your pity is as contemptible to me as it is cheap to you."

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

"I wouldn't be you—no, that I wouldn't!" murmured all the little fellows on the bank, to the nettle.

"Why not, pray?" demanded the nettle.

"Oh, such a character—such a shocking character! you can't be touched by the very gentlest touch of the tenderest hand without pricking and stinging and poisoning it! Fie, fie, fie!"

"Ah, that's the way people's tempers are misinterpreted," said the nettle; "I do certainly prick, sting, and poison those who trifle with and tease me, but let me be seized with a bold and honest grasp, and I am as harmless as the weakest of you."

NO KIDDER IN GAINING FAVORABLE NOTES.

"I thought I would just give you a little cheer," said a fine sunny day that broke in on a gloomy December. "It's quite pleasant to see how bright I have made you all; the hedges are thinking of budding, and the birds are fancying that building time is at hand. You ought to feel very grateful."

"Far from it," all with one voice replied; "you come to us with false hopes, and to raise a joy that to-morrow will most likely destroy. This is not kindness. Come constantly, and we will bless you; come in this feckle way and you will leave us mourning over disappointment, and enervated by your capricious geniality, so that when our hardships come they will seem to us a thousand times harder than we now feel them to be."

MUCH WANTS MORE.

A mighty river having gathered many streams into its volume, flowed into the sea. "Now," said the rocks, "thou wilt surely be satisfied!" But that evening the warm came beating on the shore, and meaning as in the very misery of want.

Then came a torrent from the mountains that had newly burst its rocky barriers, and rushing headlong down met the waves, and for a moment increased their force. "Now thou art satisfied; thou art full, and needest no more," cried the rocks.

But the evening tide came again, and the waves sighed and moaned woe-worn as ever.

"Alas!" cried the rocks, "it is even so; if all the waters of the earth were poured into thee, thou wouldst never be satisfied."

"Never be satisfied!" echo murmured from their caverns.

RECAP.

BY ALICE HAMILTON.

When darkness and shadow hang over the heart, The darkness grows lighter. The clouds break apart, When the heart is in trouble. Peace! doth say— There is peace in the trouble. New life and new day.

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A SAILOR'S FORTUNE.

A Romance of the Land and the Ocean.

By FRED HUNTER.

CHAPTER X.

A NEW PHASE IN OUR PLOT.

Three days after this interview, Martini might have been seen alone in his private room in the city of Paris, at evening, with a pile of letters before him. Through his management the entire correspondence between Flora Delmont and Madame Denoir had been turned from its intended destination, and he had possessed himself of all that had passed between them—or which should have done so—from the day that Madame left London!

He read the heartburnings and the disappointments which had been occasioned to both from the fact that neither had heard from the other, from the day they separated—he learned some secrets which he was desirous to be convinced of, through the same source—and he also ascertained how much he was himself exposed by these two ladies! But all this moved him not a jot. He had determined upon his course, and he felt certain that the result would be in his hands. Possibly Martini was mistaken. On the evening mentioned there was a letter reached him addressed to Madame Denoir, the superintendent which attracted his especial notice, for he expected the handwriting. He glanced at it, turned to the seal, and securing the door of his apartment, broke open the envelope, and with an exclamation read as follows:

Hospital, London, 15—

MY DEAR MADAME DENOIR:—What I have suffered, since I was induced to leave my native land, I cannot describe to you. Sickens, tells, shipwreck, everything but starvation, has been the lot of him whom you once so kindly cared for, and who would never have thus ventured forth into the world, but at your solicitation. Bearing in mind your kindness, I had labored so to comfort myself that you might have a good account of your humble protégé, but a succession of misfortunes followed me, and I am now penniless in a London hospital—though well-nigh recovered from the effects of the wounds which a broken vessel had inflicted.

I have ventured to address you, therefore, to ask your advice as to my future course, and to assure you, at the same time, of my continued regard for one who has done so much for me, in the past. I left France in the vessel selected by your friend—our friend I should say—Mr. Martini, and, as you know, our homeward passage was wrecked. I obtained a berth subsequently in Lisbon; a mutiny occurred on board, in which, while aiding to defend officers, I was severely wounded, and arriving in London was placed in this hospital, where I am still an invalid.

I would return to France, madame, at least temporarily. I would return in order that I may have the opportunity to thank you, in person, for your goodness to me, and I would very gladly meet you again, after our unhappy separation. My inclinations are unqualified, and, under your advice, I should continue to follow the sea as a business in the future. But I am without means, in a strange land, in ill condition, at present, to buffet the hardships of such a life, and I throw myself upon your lenity in my painful extremity.

May I not think that it would afford me unequalled pleasure, also, to meet with Madame Flora again? Her image has been present with me constantly in my journeyings, and I have looked forward with a joyous anticipation to the hour when I should, happily, see her again. I will not trouble you with a longer letter on this occasion, but will simply express the hope that you will find it agreeable and convenient to reply to this at your early leisure.

In the meantime I would ask that you present my regards to her, as well as to Monsieur, the notary, and accept, for yourself, my warmest good feelings.

I remain, truly,

Your friend and servant,

ELMIR FOMBLANC.

Martini read this letter, over and over again. It was the first authentic account he had received from the boy, since he villainously caused him to leave France! Fortunately, indeed, was the letter that had fallen into his hands, instead of reaching Madame, as it should have done. But he had been known in Paris as her attorney and adviser for years, and he found it no difficult matter to intercept this, as he had other letters. He placed this important document carefully in his breast-pocket, and soon after laid it aside again.

Madame Denoir got to be very anxious during the two days which elapsed between her singularly contrived interview with Monsieur Lemoine, and her leisurely writing of the letter which was intercepted by Martini. She was occupied in reflection upon her position, the chances in store for her, and addressing a letter or two to her protégé, Flora Delmont. She could ascertain nothing new or satisfactory further in regard to Elmira, and her anxiety to meet the insignificant-looking attorney had become serious when the day for his coming at last arrived.

Monsieur Lemoine was prompt to his engagement. At early evening, on the tenth day after she met him, a cab halted at her hotel door, and the deformed

attorney presented his card, and quickly followed that to the lady's parlor. Without ceremony he entered, and commenced his business at once.

"I have looked over the subject matter, but shall leave in a very few days. If you find it convenient to wait upon me, say within three days—should you deem it worth your while—you will find me here."

"I shall undoubtedly call upon her during the day. Now passed away—evening set in—but Lemoine did not come. This was strange, thought Madame, but she tarried and still looked for the attorney, but without success; he did not make his appearance.

Meantime, the steamer had left Havre for England, and in due time arrived in the Thames. A stranger from Paris repaired from this vessel in hot haste and inquired his way directly to the London hospital. Upon reaching that institution he made himself known to the directors, and asked for one Elmira Fomblanc, who had been conveyed thither some time previously from a steamer wrecked off the coast of France. He was quickly introduced and the boy soon had the satisfaction of grasping the hand of his friend—Martini, the notary.

The steamer from Havre to London, (already alluded to), was none other than Martini himself. He found Elmira, and the story he had related to him, and finally induced him to leave the hospital under his protection and guidance. Having established the youth as he had intended he should do, he returned forthwith to France for a brief period, having secured Elmira that he should see him again in a short time, and would provide him with another voyage. The boy was grateful, for he was totally ignorant of the details of his position, and said him, if it were in his power.

The boy was overjoyed to meet Monsieur, and did not hesitate to express his sorrow at the unfortunate position in which Monsieur had left Madame. He inquired, then, for Flora Delmont, and learned from the notary that the beautiful girl he had so fondly remembered had retired to a convent when the pecuniary trouble of Madame Denoir had been exposed to her. At least, so Monsieur said; but he could not be sure, for he knew but little about the fact, and to care less.

All this was most unwelcome intelligence to the young youth, who had suffered much, in body and mind, since he left the two friends spoken of. But Martini observed his emotion, and gave him no time for reflection.

"I am glad to see," said he, cheerfully, "that your condition is much more favorable than I had been led to believe. You are quite well, Elmira—eh?"

"No, Monsieur, not entirely well, but still I am gaining rapidly, and shall soon recover, I trust."

"Well, you need not remain here any longer."

"Thank you, Monsieur. If it be your wish, I shall gladly exchange my quarters here for a less public location, and I think I shall improve proportionately, if I could leave."

"It is Madame's wish, Elmira, that you be removed from the hospital at once, and in accordance with her suggestion I have prepared quarters for you at the house of an old friend of mine, near the Thames, where you will get better air, and who will attend to your wants, carefully and kindly, until you are able to resume your profession again."

This last hint rather gratified young Elmira, for he had become somewhat prejudiced against a seafaring life, and had hoped that he might be able to quit it, after the hazards and ill luck he had thus far met with. But it was not to be. He disposed as she was the wishes of Madame Denoir, and he submitted with the best grace he could assume.

Within another hour a permit for his discharge had been obtained, and, in company with the notary, he left the hospital for his new lodgings, at a distance, upon the banks of the Thames.

Madame Denoir, at her hotel in vain for the coming of Monsieur. She waited and on the morning of the second day after she wrote him she took steamer and left abruptly for London. She arrived in due time of time, and applied to the authorities for permission to visit the hospital. Considerable delay was occasioned, but at last her carriage stood before the entrance. She was shown into the premises, and encountered a burly man in a heavy bob-wig and very tight knee-breeches, who was superintendent of the institution.

"You have a patient under your care?"

"Yes, Monsieur," returned the old fellow, gruffly, "we're a good many patients under our care."

"I was to bring you a letter from a patient by the name of Fomblanc whom I wished to see," responded the lady, with a little dash of the rudeness of the man in authority.

"Ah, Fomblanc, Fomblanc!" repeated the burly functionary. "Fomblanc? I never remember the name. What is his name?"

"His name is Elmira," said the lady, "and he is a patient under your care."

"How do you spell it? What's his first name?"

"Elmira," said the lady, "and he is a patient under your care."

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